

The Tragedie

Haue strooke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Crie mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.

Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowlie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing countrymen, *(His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, *(his souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarke, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudy tyrant, and a homicide.
One raise in bloud, and one in bloud established:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base soule stone, made precious by the soile
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsly set,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you do sweare to put a tyrant downe.

of Richard

You sleepe in peace, the tyrant
If you do fight against your cou
Your countries fat, shall pay you
If you do fight in safegard of you
Your wiues shall welcome home
If you do free your children from
Your childrens children quies in
Then in the name of God and al
Advançe your standards, draw y
For me, the ransome of my bol
Shall be this cold corpes on the
But if I thriue, the gaine of my a
The least of you shall share his p
Sound drums and trumpets bol
God, and Saint George, Richm

Enter King Ric

King. What said Northumber

Rat. That he was neuer traine

King. He said the truth, and wh

Rat. He smiled and said, the b

King. He was in the right, an
Tell the clocke there.

Giue me a Kalendre, who saw th

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shi
He should haue brau'd the East a
A blacke day will it be to some b

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not be
The skie doth frowne and lowre
I would these deawie teares were
Not shine to day: why, what is t
More then to Richmond? for th
That frownes on me looks sad

Enter N

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord

King. Come, bustle, bustle, ca
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him br
I will lead forth my souldiers to